Sweet *Poll* of *Plymouth.*

SWEET Poll of Plymouth was my dear;
When forc'd from her to go,
Adown her cheeks rain'd many a tear;
My heart was fraught with woe.
Our anchor weigh'd, for ſea we ſtood,
The land we left behind;
Her tears then ſwell'd the briney flood,
My ſighs increas'd the wind.

We plough'd the deep, and now between
Us lay the ocean wide;
For five long years I had not ſeen
My ſweet, my bonny bride.
That time I ſail'd the world around,
All for my true love's ſake;
But preſs'd, as we were homeward-bound,
I thought my heart would break.

The preſs-gang bold I aſk'd in vain
To let me once on ſhore;
I long'd to ſee my Poll again,
But ſaw my Poll no more!
"And have they torn my Love away?
"And is he gone?" ſhe cry'd!
My Polly, ſweeteſt flow'r of May,
She languiſh'd, droop'd, and dy'd!